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CANADIANA

Poetical Directory

OF THE

TOWN OF LINDSAY

AND

BUSINESS MEN OF THE SURROUNDING
COUNTRY,

BY A G. CHURCHILL.

Lindsay :

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CANADIAN POST."

1872.

LINDSAY.

See Scugog's powerful waters flow
Through Lindsay Town, Ontario,
And County of Victoria,
In British North America.

Steamboats and cars at angles pass
With guests and commerce, every class,

Sound bells and trumpets as they hail
And stages carry the Royal Mail ;

See seven churches standing tall,
Court house, jail and city hall,

Market buildings, market square ;
Reeve, sheriff, bailiff and the Mayor,

Lawyers, doctors, clergy, choir,
Judge, council, jailor, clerk and squire ;

Three wards and fifty stores that sell ;
Twelve landlords ring the welcome bell ;

Cabs to carry to and fro
When car and steamboat whistles blow ;

Twelve hotels with delicious drinks ;
Millinery rose and pinks,

Auction rooms and auctioneers,
Drill shed for the volunteers,

Four school houses and trustees,
 Pic-nics, socials and soirees,
 Parlor music, band in strain,
 And firemen form the gallant train ;
 Bowling alley, sportsmen's fun,
 And skating rink where sparking's done :
 One house where tons of pork are packed,
 One factory for the bark extract ;
 Two flouring mills in town that go,
 Five saw mills standing in a row ;
 Eleven steamboats sail in town
 And fifty scows run up and down ;
 Square timber rafts to Lindsay sent
 To shun the rapid river Trent,
 Transhipped on cars to Hope direct
 Then rafted on down to Quebec.
 Rich townships round this city stand
 Like gardens in the Promised Land,—
 Ops, Emily, Verulam, Fenelon wide,
 And Mariposa are her pride,—
 The wealthy farmers dwelling there
 Fill Lindsay's streets and market square ;
 They load their carriage and crack their lash,
 In Lindsay city they get their cash.
 At the court house stand and view
 One thousand dwellings old and new ;
 Read upon the census rolls
 Four thousand and three hundred souls.
 Six boot shops work with peg and twine,
 Four ovens bake the superfine,
 Two foundries melt and also mould,
 Three chartered banks pay glittering gold
 Telegraph to Britain's throne,
 Two presses make the tidings known
 That reading millions all may know
 This total town is a business show.

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Henry Atkinson, Butcher. Stall in
the Market.

He daily kills, his shamble fills
With excellent fresh meat,
Beef, mutton, ham, veal, pork and lamb,
All kinds dressed very neat ;
Cuts large or small at public call,
To bake, to boil or fry,
Sells quarter side and sells the hide,
Keeps great and grand supply ;
Buys from the stall, steers, heifers, all,
Pigs, lambs, and fine fat sheep,
In summer nice lard down with ice
In English style to keep—
Where farmers call, mechanics all,
Both merchants and hotels ;
He keeps the flesh all sweet and fresh,
It neither taints nor smells.

Charles Britton. Keeps General Store.

Great Britain's namesake in renown
Keeps general store in Lindsay town ;
In public estimation great
Since Lindsay sealed her name and date.
Of Charley Britton's goods they tell,
The choice selections he does sell,
Cottons and woollens, silks and chintz,
Plaids, checks and cambrics, stripes and prints,
Staple, fancy, every class ;
Delf and hardware, nails and glass,
Essential oils and sweet perfumes,
Stamped paper for the richest rooms ;
He keeps made clothing, boot and shoe,
Pipes and tobacco for to chew,
Keeps best of medicines for sale.—
Please call on Charley without fail.

S. & O. Bigelow, Importers, Kent Street,
One of the Oldest in Town.

Sell Dry Goods cheap for cash in hand,
They bless and dress this glorious land
With foreign and domestic skill,
And Millinery in the bill,
Where gentlemen are neatly dressed
In shirts and pants, fine coat and vest,
Hats, caps and scarfs, suspenders too,
Both strong and dandy boot and shoe ;
Keep fancy goods the ladies love,
Waists, skirts and shawls, clouds, hoods and gloves,
Can dress the girls up rich and gay
For church, pic-nic or wedding-day.
Where they can buy their underclothes,
Artificial pink and rose,
Orange blossom, lover's wand,
Oriental flowers and blonde.

C. L. Baker. Keeps Groceries, Wholesale
and Retail, Wm. street.

C. L. Baker's card polite
The town and country does invite
While passing through to give a call,
Where shanty teamsters make their haul.
Clerks half a dozen weigh and wrap
For master, mistress, lass and chap ;
Warehouse at the railroad side,
Store and storehouse well supplied,
Packing house near the market square
And custom crowds like London fair,
Buy sugar, syrup, fish and cheese,
Flour and pork and foreign teas ;
Keeps provisions every class,
Fruits, salt and soda, delf and glass ;
Each farmer's hand with cash does fill
For wheat to stock his flouring mill.

R. G. Bell. Keeps the Royal Hotel.

This pleasant landlord, R. G. Bell,
 Keeps an excellent hotel,
 His steward's ready at the bar
 To deal out liquors and cigar ;
 His ostlers ready at the stall
 To curry, feed and water all ;
 His mistress orders every maid,
 That spreads the tables richly laid
 With best provisions seasoned well ;
 His porter rings the welcome bell,
 Polite attendance nimble wait,
 To carve and serve and change the plate ;
 Rich downy beds with cambric sheet
 Like floral gardens scented sweet ;
 From city, country and the train
 They call and call, and call again.

Abraham Brooks. Keeps Stave Factory and is head Cooper in Lindsay.

In Lindsay town, on river shore,
 Himself with workmen half a score
 Rend the black ash and hooping stock,
 Steam and carve the elm block,
 Some dress the heading, trim and shave,
 Some set up the barrel stave
 In the truss, hoop, lock and drive,
 Make business hum like men alive.
 His nimble, be-adoing lads
 With the driver and the adze
 Will make and pile in bright array
 One hundred barrels in a day.
 Pays cash in hand for hooping stock
 And money for the elm block.

Uriah Boyd. Currier of Leather.

This scienced man, Uriah Boyd,
 In currying business is employed ;
 With stock and tools is well prepared
 To tan and curry in the yard ;
 And dresses the leather all genteel,
 In fancy finish for to deal ;
 He takes the upper from the pile,
 Will shave and stuff with tanner's oil ;
 With graining board and his pine block,
 Will soften all the heavy stock ;
 Work calf and kip and best cowhide,
 Fine saddle seats and harness side,
 Will fit for bellows strap and band,
 For factories in this glorious land.

M. H. Berkley, Grist Mill and Saw Mill ;

always pays cash for Saw Logs. Cambray.

His fine grist mill is running still,
 Where mighty wheels do roll ;
 Are drove by steam the people's theme,
 He takes the honest toll ;
 His miller's there, and takes good care,
 To help unload the grain ;
 With all his might will grind it right,
 And help to load again.
 Put string and name on bags you claim,
 That all may understand
 Who owns the sack, white, brown or black,
 Can get it on demand.
 And his saw mill, by water will
 Cut lumber spring and fall ;
 Will pay the cash as quick as flash,
 For logs the people haul.

George Bice, Hotel keeper, Cameron,

Eight miles from Lindsay.

His driving shed wide open spread,
 His faithful hostler's there ;
 To drink, will lead your team, and feed,
 And hitch them up with care ;
 His Grand Hotel is furnished well,
 His bar a tempting show,
 Strong drinks for all at public call,
 In his decanters flow ;
 Long tables spread, from foot to head,
 His maidens cook and bring,
 His steward serves cakes, pies, preserves,
 And every tasty thing.
 Landlady right is all polite,
 A sample for the town,
 Spreads quilts so neat and cambric sheets
 On lofty beds of down.

Robert Brandon. Keeps Railway Hotel,

twenty-six miles from Lindsay. Coboconk.

Toronto gentlemen give calls,
 Lindsay, Minden, and the Falls ;
 They call for drinks and good cigar,
 And find them all at Brandon's bar ;
 Strong Brandies, Whiskey, Beer and Wine,
 And splendid tables where they dine ;
 The Mistress comes to oversee,
 Pass the sweetmeats, pour the tea,
 Deals from the platters roast and fry,
 From plate, and server cakes and pie.
 Feed is plenty in the shed,
 Where teams are watered, cleaned and fed ;
 Rich lodgings under lock and key,
 For either sex of high degree.

Captain George Crandell. Owns four
steamboats and sixteen scows.

From twelve to sixteen years ago,
 He run the Woodman to and fro ;
 And now the Lake and River plows,
 With four steam boats and sixteen scows,
 The fifth steam boat is building new ;
 Will his five captains, cooks and crew,
 Book keepers too, to estimate,
 Expense and income of the freight ;
 Like a monarch on the land
 Every Captain does command,
 On the Lake, or the shore,
 George Crandell is the Commodore ;
 An Engine house is building new,
 For engine boiler and the flue ;
 His Ranger steamboat, one in four,
 Sampson, Champion, Commodore ;
 New boat is building for good luck,
 To run Lake Scugog like a duck ;
 With Mail and Commerce up and down,
 From Whitby trains to Lindsay town ;
 Nearest route by far the best,
 For all who travel to the west ;
 Choose your Captain, ship and crew,
 Eat, drink and sleep and travel too ;
 To Port Perry harbour fair,
 Or Sturgeon Point, where pic-nics are,
 To Bobcaygeon and the Falls,
 And mighty loads of lumber hauls ;
 To bless this whole Dominion wide,
 And Uncle Sam the other side.

Jos. Cooper. Prints the *Warder*.

The *Warder* press heralds the express,
 Repeats the telegram
 From Britain's bound, the Dominion round
 And lands of Uncle Sam ;
 Will prices tell, how items sell
 In markets far and near,
 Reporters' notes, fine anecdotes,
 And tales for evening cheer,
 Labels in ranks, all kinds of blanks
 For business men to fill ;
 Will advertise goods and supplies,
 Prints poster, card and bill,
 Tea meeting, show, and time to go
 To auction and the fair ;
 The total fix of politics
 The *Warder* will declare.

P. Cunningham. Keeps Livery Stock ; Runs Mail Stage to Bobcaygeon and Minden.

Keeps stock to trot through this town plot
 And country regions round,
 Keeps buggies gay and dandy sleigh,
 Fine cutters trimmed and bound.
 Groom, belle and bride, and beau can ride,
 Judge, clergy, clerk and squire ;
 He lets his stock, no double chalk,
 But wants the honest hire.
 Stage-driver's horn sounds loud to warn
 The travelling public all
 Who wish to ride to step inside,
 With baggage great and small,
 And take their seats to run the heats
 Upon elliptic springs,
 He cracks his whip, his horses skip
 As if they were on wings.

S. Conway. Keeps Conway Hotel.

Conway hotel is furnished well,
 The best retreat in town,
 Where men of state and fortune great,
 At leisure will sit down.
 Each city guest does there invest,
 Commercial men step in ;
 Where one and all, can send or call
 For brandy, wine, or gin.
 Soft drinks are there and good cigar.
 His ostler feeds the beast,
 From fountain then the gentlemen
 Arise unto the feast.
 Long tables rich, no matter which
 Tarts, custard cakes, and pies ;
 Sweet lodgings clean, fit for the Queen,
 In splendid large supplies.

John Chisholm. Keeps Grocery and Provision Store. Kent-st.

Keeps bacon, eggs, cloves and nutmegs,
 And candy in the jar ;
 Keeps pepper, spice, salt, soda, rice,
 Tobacco and cigar ;
 Keeps boot and shoe, and syrup too,
 Of gold and amber shade ;
 Keep glass and delf upon his shelf,
 Flour, pork and fish to trade ;
 Keeps butter, cheese, and foreign teas,
 And sugars in supply ;
 Keeps pickle jars, and soap in bars,
 Nuts, apples, green and dry,
 Potatoes, beans, shell fish, sardines,
 He keeps a splendid stock ;
 Is making sales of brooms and pails,
 And marks no double chalk.

**John Clendenan, Farmer, 8 miles from
Lindsay. In Cambray.**

Clendenan owns a lovely farm,
 In Cambrayville presents a charm ;
 Two storey dwelling, bricks and lime,
 Will volumes tell in future time ;
 Outbuildings, orchard, flocks all round,
 His splendid mansions well abound.
 From his loft window, just behold,
 The village coined in beauty's mould ;
 Where stores and hotels are in sight,
 Boot-makers, Blacksmiths, and Wheelwright.
 Post-office built upon his land,
 All heart can wish for or demand.
 In temperance circles, Sunday schools,
 And sermons of the golden rules ;
 Where he can hear the cheerful sing—
 Sweet parlour strains, and anvils ring.

**Miss Mary Clendenan. Laments the
Loss of her Father ; she signed to help the
Author. Father died April 15, 1871.**

Mary chose the better part,
 Yet grief hath touched her tender heart ;
 Through faith in Christ she hopes to meet
 Departed friends, and find a seat,
 Far from this Terrestrial Ball,
 Where God himself reigns over all ;
 She means to sail into that realm,
 Faith builds the vessel, Christ the helm.
 Her earthly dwellings neat and clean,
 Her door yard grove is ever green ;
 Peace calling and election sure,
 Like Queen Victoria helps the poor ;
 Unspotted fame, void of reproach,
 And surplus cash to ride in coach.

Andrew Calder, Waggonmaker, Cambray,
8 miles from Lindsay.

Makes wagons strong, the carriage throng,
Wheelbarrow and the cart,
Strong lumber bobs and other jobs
Belonging to the art ;
Will make and mend, he will attend
To orders on demand ;
Axe, gear and wheel he makes genteel,
Will set the iron band ;
Box, top and seat he makes complete
For lumber or the spring ;
Makes cutters gay, the dandy sleigh,
To orders people bring.
Will undertake and also make
Fine coffins for the dead,—
Surviving friends should come or send
The tidings that we dread.

A. H. Carle. Keeps General Store in
Coboconk, 26 miles from Lindsay.

Carle's general store, Gull river shore,
Does all the business there,
The people call both one and all
Because he is dealing fair,
Clothes ready made and boots to trade
And countless items more—
Dry goods abound and groceries round
On shelves from floor to floor ;
Prints rank and file, men's wear in style,
Bed cords and rope for sale,
Combs, hair pins, lace, in his show case
And ribbons to retail,
Eggs, butter, cheese, dried fruits and teas,
And table trimmings all,
Where matrons grand and ladies land
And make their general haul.

**Alexander Cullon. Blacksmith, King
Street.**

His large horse-shoe hangs up in view,
 His business token, sign,
 Tells one and all, who please to call,
 He is in the jobbing line.
 Shoes horse and mare, with best of care,
 All kicking nags that squeal ;
 He makes the shoe completely true,
 And corks them with good steel.
 On race horse too will set the shoe
 Of very fine steel plate.
 He takes great pains, mends broken chains,
 And bobs for heavy freight ;
 Bolt, band and screw, for waggon new,
 Sets light and heavy tire.
 He does invest in iron best
 That ever passed fire.

**George Dormer. Attorney at Law,
and Lindsay City Mayor. Office on Kent St.**

In Courts of record standing high,
 Will mark the fraud, detect the lie,
 Where men in traffic sell and buy ;
 And in the case of crime
 On par competes with genius round ;
 The mighty deep of law will sound,
 Rights of clients will expound,
 In manner most sublime.
 The seven shooters in satire
 His scope and eloquence admire.
 Elective franchise all conspire
 To seat him in the chair,
 Like a successful candidate
 Without preamble or debate,
 Municipal in Corporate
 Have made him city Mayor.

Thos. Douglass. Keeps General Store.
Cambray.

He keeps a very general stock,
 Excepting liquors in his block ;
 Keeps woolen cloth of every shade,
 Men's boots and clothing ready made,
 Shirtings, sheetings, bleached and brown,
 Cotton, flannels, ticking, down,
 Prints, fast colors, sure to hold,
 Plaids and blankets, double fold,
 Where men and women can be dressed
 Like Queen Victoria in her best ;
 Provisions all the whole avails,
 Crockery, hardware, glass and nails ;
 All kinds of groceries in his store,
 He buys and sells and orders more.

W. A. Daniel. Royal Hotel, Groceries
and Fancy Goods, 8 miles from Lindsay.

There the teamsters find a shed,
 There the hungry can be fed,
 There the thirsty find their drinks,
 And lodgings like the sweetest pinks,
 There the dinner bell does ring,
 And kitchen couriers cook and bring,
 For seated guests who will partake,
 Fowl, fish and bacon, ham and steak ;
 There good groceries abound,
 For splendid tables all around ;
 There fancy goods in rich supply,
 Are sure to take the youthful eye ;
 Polite attendance waiting stand,
 Clerk, cooks, and hostler on demand.

J. R. Dundas. Importer of Dry Goods,
Staple and Fancy Clothing, and Milinery, next
door to Messrs. Bigelow's.

In corner of King street and Kent,
Is selling goods at one per cent ;
He keeps men's clothing ready made,
And makes to order different shade.
Dry Goods from ocean's every shore,
And splendid Carpets for the floor ;
Linnens, Woolens, Cottons, Chintz,
Silks and Satins, Gingham, Prints ;
Artificial in perfume,
Roses, Daisies, Orange bloom ;
Ostrich, Racket, Pheasant, Blonde,
Bridal wreaths, and wedding wand,
Keeps men and women hired to sew,
His store in town is all the go.

James Doran's. Cradle Factory, makes
Mulay, Half Mulay, and three quarters.

Keeps seasoned timber, pile on pile,
And making Cradles all the while ;
For farming men, who please to call,
Intends to make and stock them all.
Orain Cradles, call and take a look,
All men who read this little book,
It tells where men can get supply,
Of Mulay Cradles for to buy ;
For harvest comes but once a year,
When lots of hirelings will appear.
Without a Cradle for to use,
Come and buy one if you choose,
Two good Cradles will cut more,
Than best of sickles half a score.

Dobson & Niblock. Gentlemen of leisure.

These generous gentlemen of fame,
 For pleasant reading signed their name ;
 But do not care to advertise
 Their splendid store and rich supplies. —
 To aid the poem writer's skill,
 They launched him out a dollar bill ;
 Because they thought the poem true,
 The Lindsay scene from court house view ;
 In language plain though dignified,
 Not borrowed, mixed, or mistified ;
 Can Pope, Burns, Byron or Shakspeare
 From subteraneous vaults appear,
 With all their writings in one plan,
 Describe a city to a man.

Stephen Dobson, Foundry Man.

See Dobson's foundry in blast,
 To model patterns he will cast ;
 He makes horse-power machines to thrash,
 And cog-wheels that exactly mash ;
 Large and small machines to saw,
 And several kinds of ploughs to draw ;
 Steam pumps and engines every name,
 Cross-cut, circle saw and frame ;
 Machines for shingles, meter joint,
 Scrapers, journals and plow point ;
 He moulds to order every class,
 Turns copper, iron, wood and brass ;
 Thanks customers for jobs before,
 In hopes that they will order more.

Thos. English. Keeps North Star Hotel,
Digby, Victoria Road, 34 miles from Lindsay.

This grand recess will truly bless
All business men that roam,
The teamsters too while passing through
Are children all at home,
The bar does shine with gin and wine
And candies in the jar,
Malt whiskey, beer and brandy clear,
Tobacco and cigar,
And when you land the ostler's hand
Will clutch the halter's rein,
To water lead your team and feed
And hitch them up again.
Cakes, pies they serve, roasts and preserves
His dining tables tell.
Landlady neat, keeps lodgings sweet,
They keep a grand hotel.

E. Edwards. Evergreen Hotel, 3 miles
from Lindsay ; Junction of two Roads.

Patronize the Evergreen,
It is well furnished, lodgings clean ;
His liquors on the upper shelf,
• He's not ashamed to tend himself.
His open shed takes general run
His guests are always full of fun,
His dining tables princely stand,
And meals are ready on demand ;
They bake, they boil, roast, toast and fry,
Pass syrups, sweet meats, cakes and pie ;
His maid or mistress waiting stand
With a tea-pot in her hand,—
“Is your cup empty, sir,” says she,
“Please take another cup of tea.”

**Thos. Fee. Saw Mill, Planing Mill,
Shingle Mill.**

His brick-built stand seems to command
 The travelling public's eye ;
 In his mill yard he is prepared,
 To pile the lumber high ;
 And in his line saws pannel pine,
 Plain tongue, and grove for floors ;
 All moulding kind, sash, frames, and blind,
 And fancy pannel doors ;
 His shingle mill is running still,
 By steam power in its wrath ;
 Keeps pile on pile all rank on file,
 Sawed shingles, boards, and lath ;
 And Fee can fill a building bill,
 Will do it quick as flash ;
 For one and all, who please to call,
 And pay the ready cash.

R. A. and W. A. Goodwin. Sell

Sewing Machines and Picture Frames.

Machines to sew are all the go
 In houses poor or rich ;
 On leather neat, sew cloth complete,
 And take the fancy stitch ;
 Machines on hand to stock the land,
 They sell and order more ;
 Make picture frame, and sell the same,
 To people in their store ;
 All painted fine, as fancy sign,
 To hang up on the wall ;
 A pleasing show, all in a row,
 For fancy parlors all.

Gooderham & Worts. Own the largest Distillery in the world; use 2,500 bushels of grain per day, and 40 tons of coals. Pay \$7,000 per day expenditure in their business, and to the government. Toronto Bank, capital \$2,000,000; Gooderham, President; Worts, Vice-President. Own 5 flouring mills and 5 stores, and a model farm at Meadowville.

We are told to publish in our herald,
 Distillery largest in the world;
 Five stores, five flouring mills that go,
 One store and mill at Scarboro.
 Stores and mills are interwove;
 Meadows, Streetsville and Pine Grove.
 Distillery and mills that roll,
 Burn daily 40 tons of coal;
 Grain, bushels daily, whole amount
 Two thousand and five hundred count;
 Expense in dollar that they pay,
 Is seven thousand every day.
 Woodworks in Bexley's avalanche,
 Corson's partner in that branch;
 Captain Corson and his son,
 The severing circular daily run.
 Some will chop and others draw,
 Three or four will tend the saw;
 One makes fire and one will file,
 Two or three will split and pile;
 The firm above will bless the land,
 Give best of board and cash in hand,
 A saw mill new will shortly be,
 The captain is to oversee.

G. M. Gillespie. Keeps Glenarm Hotel ;
P. M.

Far from rabbles and bad smell,
Gillespie keeps a grand hotel;
All travellers need in stabling line,
His bar with full decanters shine,
Long splendid tables richly spread,
Clean lodging rooms and princely bed.
The Glenarm Hotel seems to win,
Where all that call will call again.
He keeps Post-office, handles mail,
And makes the changes without fail.
The trader, drover, transient all,
And clergymen, will give a call ;
Member, lawyer, doctor, squire;
The host and hostess they admire ;
The travelling public, as they roam ;
Are truly children all at home.

George Gregory, Baker.

Bread, biscuits, cakes, and pies he bakes,
Of lovely superfine,
He keeps on hand, for tables grand,
Where people sup and dine.
The best pound cakes to order bakes,
Grand wedding cakes and all,
Mint sticks, bull's eyes, in large supplies,
For customers that call.
Trade steady pour, at his fine store,
Keeps groceries to sell.
Store full of things he sells and brings,
Too many for to tell.
He baked the bread that thouaands fed,
For many a year gone by.
Boats great and small, he stocked them all,
Import with full supply.

Michael Heatherman. Keeps Railroad
 Hotel, opposite the Station, Lindsay Street.

Where parties wait who ride in state
 Until the cars appear,
 They take their seat, smoke, drink and treat
 To brandy, wine or beer ;
 Drinks and cigar are in his bar,
 His tables well abound
 With pie and cake, and fresh beefsteak
 Attendance tripping round ;
 They pass sweet meat and will repeat,
 And fill your cup again,
 They cook with taste and make great haste
 For guests who take the train ;
 Barns, stables, shed, where beasts are fed
 And ice-house for the drinks,
 Fine bedrooms clean, a splendid scene,
 And lodgings sweet as pinks.

John Henderson, Pattern-Maker and
 Draughtsman.

This model man in modern plan
 Drafts models for the moulder,
 Designs his own and men unknown
 And men of ages older ;
 Horse-power machine for threshing clean,
 Seed drill and cultivator,
 Large and small weights, fire dogs and grates
 And drudging elevators,
 Each sort and kind to saw and grind
 He is the pattern-maker,
 Drafts plow and point, to mitre joint,
 To turn the greenest acre ;
 Turns iron, brass of sundry class,
 Straight model or the taper,
 Can teach the fools in modern rules,
 In horse-rake, drag and scraper.

Wm. Hiland. Groceries, Provisions and
Sundries. Kent-st.

He sends for commerce by the cars,
Best tobacco and cigars,
Codfish, haddock, salmon-trout,
He sells to people round about,
Oysters, lobsters, and sardines,
Dried fruits and fruits in season green ;
Orange, lemon, tropic fruit,
Apples green and dry to boot ;
Pine apples, shell fish, fruits in can,
Pound cakes and pies baked in the pan ;
Strawberries, currants, raisins, rice,
Soda fountain, cold with ice ;
Restaurant up stairs, sit down
To oysters, best in Lindsay town.

A. W. Hettger. Variety Store, Mer-
chant, Tailor.

He keeps men's clothing, ready made,
And tailors driving on the trade ;
Part worn clothing will repair,
And renovate with best of care ;
Mends neatly, and great pains he takes,
Dyes old clothes fine as new he makes,
Star gazers, all who take a view,
Would think the suit entirely new ;
He keeps a splendid store in style,
Dry goods and groceries, pile on pile ;
His long show case at sight will tell,
With fancy goods is furnished well ;
Potatoes, onions, pork and cheese,
Sugars, syrups, foreign teas ;
His goods are all the upper shelf,
His mistress tends, sometimes himself.

W. Hamilton. Cameron Lake Foundry,
Fenelon Falls, makes Sawing Machines. War-
ranted to cut forty cords in a day.

Makes wood machines his warrants say,

Will cut their forty cords per day.

The following plows he keeps to deal.

We name them all ; he makes of steel.

Vulcan, Scotch, Canadian, too,

Victoria, and a model new,

Unequalled in this glorious land.

And metal plows he keeps on hand,

Gang plows, and scufflers in the bill,

Rollers, harrows, and seed drill,

Churns, sugar kettles, and to bake,

Scythes, grain cradles, fork and rake,

Sleigh, shoe castings, fanning mill,

And untold sundries in the bill.

John Haisley. Dealer in Harness, Sad-
dles, &c.

On William-street, not easy beat

Sells harness strong and fine,

Where one and all will please to call,

His name is on the sign.

Fine trunks in trim are made by him,

Like pictures drawn with pen.

Side saddles neat, with quilted seat,

And saddies for the men.

Thanks custom friends, he makes and mends,

Fine harness and the plain,

Single or set, whip and fly-net,

Hook, buckle, snap and chain,

Keeps children's sleigh, and carriage gay,

To please the infant small,

Curb-bits for nags, and carpet bags.

Valises, too, for all.

John Johnson, Carpenter and Builder.

This scienced man can draw a plan,
 To build a town or city,
 Will build direct in architect,
 For owner or committee ;
 Will hew and frame, and raised the same,
 With all its studs and bracing ;
 Then he will hoist, plate, girt and joist,
 Post, stud, and fancy casing ;
 Builds long and short, and every sort,
 For many rooms or single,
 He makes the roof, all water-proof
 With rafters, boards and shingles,
 Makes window floors, and panel-doors,
 In skill and craft excelling,
 Builds church and hall, with steeple tall
 And every kind of dwelling.

Fred. J. Jones. Keeps Eating House, on William Street.

Keeps house to eat, on William street,
 Hot coffee for the swarm ;
 Hot tea on hand, cups on demand,
 And always keeps it warm,
 Baked meat and beans, fish and sardines ;
 Buns, crackers, cakes and pie,
 Sells small and great, piece or full plate,
 To customers who buy ;
 Beef steake and ham, the tender lamb,
 Him or his lady serves ;
 Ground mustard too, for all the crew,
 Both ketchup and preserves.
 Expense is small, when one and all,
 Can get a goodly meal
 And good cigar much cheaper far
 Than any man can steal.

Johnston & Co., Weather Protectors and Sash, Door and Frame Manufacturers.

Their celebrated patent right
 For doors and windows made air-tight ;
 Their chart and draft in figured plan,
 Will soon convince an honest man,
 Doors fitted with elastic spring
 Work noiselessly at every swing ;
 Let all who read this little book
 Step in their office, take a look,
 Or agents of the firm above
 For to protect that home you love,
 Dominion sash and doors and frames,
 And all their useful patent claims ;
 Saw, tongue and groove, and also plane
 For Lindsay builders and the train.
 They conquer cold, they conquer heat
 And dismal sounds where steamers beat.

J. Keys, Victoria Hotel, 26 miles from Lindsay.

At Coboconk in bright array
 Where peace and plenty rule the day,
 Raftsmen, landsmen, carmen call,
 Townsmen, travelers, teamsters, all,
 And gentlemen of high degree,
 Breakfast and dine and take their tea ;
 His bar, a fountain never dry,
 His ostlers ready to comply ;
 His mistress and the waiting maid
 Understand the cooking trade,
 They bake and boil, they roast and fry
 Fill plates and platters with supply ;
 Tasty sweetmeats every class
 In servers of the crystal glass ;
 Her lodgings are like pinks in bloom
 And roses in their sweet perfume.

Kimball & Makins. Engineers, Founders
and Machinists, Ridout street.

These men of wonders melt and mould
And turn pot metal into gold,
By selling items that they cast,
From their hot furnace now in blast,
Machines for cutting shingles good,
Great and small machines for wood,
Horse power machines are made to thresh,
And cog wheels that exactly mash ;
Cross cut saws and circle frame,
For factory mill work every name ;
Steam pumps and engines every class ;
Turn iron copper and the brass,
Hollow ware to boil and bake,
Plows, harrows, scrapers and horse rake.

Robert Lukey. Tailor, Kent Street.

Will measures take, them cut and make
Coat, vest and over-all ;
There men are dressed, like London's best,
New York and Montreal,
His merit name, and bills proclaim,
A splendid workman fine,
Will dress you neat, from head to feet,
Like pictures on his sign,
Will dress the beau up neat to go,
To wedding feast or fair,
Or to the ball, where ladies all
And dancing masters are ;
Works every day, gets ready pay,
From clergy, squire or clown ;
Will make and mend all jobs they send,
In love of Lindsay Town.

James Lovell. Saddler and Harness
 Maker, William Street.

Trunks ready made, he keeps to trade,
 Grand harness set and single,
 Pole strap, check line, snaps, buckles fine,
 And fancy bells to jingle ;
 Side saddles neat, made all complete,
 The ladies' riding saddle,
 Men's saddle too, in fashions new,
 For them to ride astraddle ;
 All harness kind, both check and blind,
 For fancy matches mated ;
 Keeps lots in store, and making more,
 With buckles, silver-plated,
 Spurs for the trip, comb brush and whip,
 For those who ride in splendor ;
 Will make and mend the jobs they send,
 His love and thanks does render.

S. Kennady. Keeps Groceries & Liquors.

This gentleman keeps fruits in can,
 And shell fish every class,
 Sells pork and flour, that men devour,
 Delf dish and also glass ;
 Wines, liquors all, strong alcohol,
 Pot barley and oatmeal ;
 Sells syrup too, gold, amber hue,
 Nuts, figs and orange peal ;
 Sells sugar, teas, and best of cheese,
 Small pickles in the jar,
 Salt, soda, rice, cloves and allspice,
 Tobacco and cigar ;
 Perfumes in glass, all essence class,
 Keeps good coal oil for sale ;
 Best kinds of soap, bed cord and rope,
 Brush, brooms, and patent pails.

Jos. Lancashire & Co. Importers of
Dry Goods, Staple and Fancy.

Read this with care, it tells you where,

Dry Goods abound on shelves ;

Use common sense, and save expense,

Examine for yourselves.

Keep hoisery that crossed the sea,

And best of prints to sell,

Blankets, ticks and candle wicks,

Men's dandy suits made well ;

Dry Goods all kinds to suit all minds

For many ladies call.

Damask, and chintz, all lovely prints,

Plaids, stripes and gingham all,

Men's measures take, fine shirts to make,

Like pictures drawn with pen,

Young ladies fair, by changes there,

They call and call again.

S. R. McKewen, Grocery and Provision
Store, Wm. street.

Best of syrup pure and clear,

Both gold and amber are sold here ;

Codfish, herrings, pork and cheese,

Salt and soda, foreign teas,

Conversation candies tell,

Love or hatred just as well,

Mint sticks and bulls eyes in the jar,

Best tobacco and cigar ;

Currants, raisins, apples, rice,

Ginger, pepper, and allspice,

Pickles, catsup, mustard ground,

Cloves and essences abound ;

Coal oil, bar and shaving soap,

Bed cord, large and little rope.

He keeps provisions, every class,

And patent medicines in glass.

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Murta House, by R. A. Murta, William Street.

On William street where parties meet,—
 The loving groom and bride,—
 Where sportsmen go, the brisk young beau
 And wedding parties ride ;
 His bar's a show, decanters glow
 With whiskey, wine and gin,
 The best strong beer and brandy clear,
 Sells good cigars within ;
 Where gay young folks pass merry jokes,
 Great business men call there,
 To feed their beast, dine, sleep and feast,
 And patronize his bar ;
 Where farmers call, mechanics all,
 And townsmen will drop in,
 Enough to eat, good place to sleep,
 They call and call, and call again.

Malcom Morison. Keeps General Store-

Corner of Kent and William street
 Where country crowds dress up so neat
 And Lindsay ladies make their haul,
 Clouds, gaiters, gloves and parasol,
 Plaids, stripes and prints in beauty's mould,
 Carpets, blankets double fold ;
 Made cloths like pictures on the wall,
 From London, York and Montreal.
 To order dress up every class,
 The master, mistress, lad and lass,
 Keep groceries and provisions there,
 Nails, glass and putty, and hardware ;
 Ladies' lovely underclothes,
 Millinery pink and rose,
 Bridal wreaths in sweet perfume,
 And orange blossoms in full bloom.

**W. & J. Matthie, Cabinet Makers, Turn-
ers and Valuators.**

Make tables, grand, fall leaf and stand,
And fine bureaux to lock ;
Young wedded pairs buy fancy chairs,
And cradles for to rock ;
They sell mattress ; fine looking glass,
And picture frames to keep ;
Wash board and stand sell on demand,
And bedsteads for to sleep.
They undertake, and also make,
Fine coffins—not a few,
And if bespoke of good wall oak,
Air tight ; metallic too ;
Will orders take and also make
All parlor furniture,
Of seasoned stock, no double chalk,
But want their payment sure.

**Moses M'Neil. Keeps General Store,
Post Master. Rosedale.**

Keeps general store on Balsam shore,
Oak orchard Rosedale,
Of noble mind, although he is blind,
Keeps first-class goods for sale ;
Has not one foe, as tidings go,
His stores the people's pride ;
Sells cheap for cash, as quick as flash
The goods are wrapt and tied ;
Keeps boot and shoe, and groceries too,
Molasses, pork and cheese ;
Keeps medicine and shining tin,
Perfumes and foreign teas ;
And without fail, will handle mail,
Is keeping boarders too ;
His consort neat, keeps lodgings sweet,
Her equals are but few.